[fic] A Devil of a Choice.

- May. 8th, 2010 at 12:50 AM

Title: A Devil of a Choice.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Characters/Pairings: Lucifer/Sam.
Prompt: 4. Lucifer/Sam – Fever.
Spoilers: General Season Five spoilers.
Word count: 541 words.
Warnings: Evidence of violence and torture. General Lucifer nastiness.
Summary: The Devil likes to give people choices, especially Sam.
Notes: Dark future AU. Sam says yes to Lucifer without consulting Dean or anyone beforehand, it goes badly for him. But the Apocalypse is stopped while Lucifer finds neat things to do. Such as Sam.

There, that's the context. I hope the piece itself is enjoyable. Feedback is appreciated.

This isn't really Sam/Lucifer as in there's a romantic relationship or even sex, but it's not exactly a gen piece, either, so. Enjoy?

Written for **wordsmeetwings**.

He's hot, unbearably aching hot, and he twists in it. He opens his mouth to scream again, but there it is: he has no mouth to scream *with*.

His eyes open, and he sees his hands as he straightens a mirror. He sees his face smile back at him, and he hears Dean calling for him to hurry up in the bathroom.

Sam screams again, in pain and wanting to take back his yes, to take back everything from Lucifer. But it's too late, and the Devil can fool anyone, even his brother.

Dean hasn't the faintest idea that they didn't really defeat the Devil, that Sam's trapped in a personal Hell that Lucifer made for him, that he's not safe himself.

Sure, all other signs that the Apocalypse is over are there, the Horsemen are gone, the plague never hit -

Sam knows the Devil's enjoying this game. He sees the subtle sabotages of everything Dean does. He does them himself, with his own hands, but it's *not him*

doing this.

Lucifer smiles at himself in the mirror and calls back that he's nearly done. Before he leaves he freezes the hotel's supply of hotel water, leaving just enough for a minute of warmth. A small touch, but that's what he's been doing for weeks on end now: leaving small touches everywhere, all aimed at Dean.

And for weeks on end Lucifer leaves Sam in a fire that never stops burning. Sam's body has a permanent low-grade fever that Lucifer never lets anyone discover, and permanent pain that Lucifer never, ever shows on Sam's face.

Sam screams silently, curses Lucifer and weeps every time he sees his brother screw something up because he's on edge from Lucifer's tricks.

Once Dean's in the shower, and once Lucifer's drying off Sam's arms, Lucifer allows a wicked smile to curve on his lips.

"I'm holding up my end of the deal, aren't I?" He asks Sam, quietly, taunting. "He's alive. They're all alive."

Sam whispers silent hatred, and Lucifer chuckles, dark and dangerous.

"I'm going to let you in on a treat," he murmurs, barely loud enough for Sam to hear. "You're going to start making fatal mistakes soon, when innocent's lives hang in the balance, and in exchange you'll get a painfree week. I promise you'll enjoy it."

The Devil pauses to let the words sink in, smirking. Sam curses him, sobbing in pain as new lances of pain run up his sides. There's no dignity in his pain; he's long-since given up on that.

"Why, I'll even offer you a deal. Point out anyone you want to see dead on the street, and I'll kill them. In exchange you'll get a mistake-free hunt, a week without pain, and Dean will enjoy a day where everything goes right. You'll save lives, Sam."

The last is just to tighten the screws, and even as Sam's swearing that he won't ever do it, he's weighing the costs of one person versus the people he can save with successful hunts.

Even as he's doing that he's wondering how much good Dean can do when he's in top form.

Even at that he's wanting the pain gone, immediately.

I hate you, he tells Lucifer.

Lucifer smiles.